

A S A T Y R

A G A I N S T

The Pen-men and Speech-men of the Times;

NOW every Scribler does the Press invade,
And what was a Diversion's grown a Trade.
Some Poets born with five lame Feet for measure,
And two bald Rhymes, think to give Reader pleasure:
So with Ear tickling, and deceitful cadence,
Supply the great defect of Wit and Sence.
Some who for Verse ne'r scratcht Pate, laugh at those,
That help out Sence with Rhyme, and in loose Prose,
Vent yet more wretched Stuff themselves; howe'r
With this advantage, that it does more appear
In Prose; for where the Work's in measure wrought,
The Rhyme oft hides the meanness of the thought.
But now we have seen the manner, to the Men,
And to the weighty Subject of each Pen.
Here a brave Knight with hundreds at his heels,
Through many a Street, Lane, turnings, windings, wheels.
Lord Mayor at *Guild-hall*, thither he would reach,
In pain till he's delivered of a Speech.
There in grave form and studied Oration,
He shews first his Concern for the whole Nation.
Then for the City his continual care,
~~Tell them what are their dangers, what his fear.~~
Requires Guards twice as many as before,
For the *Duke's* landed, and with him three more.
But some who did the well-penn'd Speech observe,
Believ'd it might a Comment well deserve.
Comment as well as Speech came both to light,
But such the Care and Interest of our Knight:
Speech had its Answer, but *Hawker's* Prisoner sent,
Though it explain'd but Acts of Parliament.
Some say the *Author* deserv'd *Hawker's* pain,
For laying open City's Tricks of gain.
For what had he to do with Sheriffalty,
Or little secret Thefts by Livery?
A sawcy Slave, and so indeed he was,
To oppose City's Cheats with Statute-Laws.
Yet some there are yet of another mind,
For thoughts of men agree not like their kind.
These think 'tis strange; if every one had right,
Author nor *Hawker* Prisoner, but the Knight.
Here a bold Knave Succession shall decide,
And banish Princes with every ebbing Tide;
And boldly tell you in his Speech or Song,
(Call't which you please) to whom the Crown belongs.
And as the Villain scans his Interests o're,
Gainst one, a point or two of Faith shall more
Than a just Right by a thousand years made good,
And a continued Line of Royal Blood.
But now lest ill opinion spread too fast,
Another with his Rhymes to Press makes halt;
And thinks by them to give a helping hand
To the great Right, which of it self can stand;

Sets forth his vertues, and many a mighty deed,
As though those vertues did his Verses need.
Both Fools alike, though each his due 'tis fit,
This has less malice, but as little wit.
Others who seek their Fortunes to increase,
Which they could never do in Times of Peace,
When scurvy Law and Justice bear the sway,
And give no countenance to Sword to pray,
Seek to distract the Peoples minds with fear,
Of Evils great, but know not when, nor where,
Till they have drain'd their little Sence so far,
That themselves though they know not why, cry War;
For well those Cannibals, too well they know
The mischiefs that from such distractions flow;
For though the Bar with private Difference rings,
They know the Sword alone decides for Kings;
And very well the Slaves remember too,
How great that way some men but lately grew.
But why should States to such protection give,
Who by that only that ruins others, live?
But stay, here's that make all their labours vain;
The King's return'd, and in full strength again;
He by his health removes our loyal fear,
Well may our Knight remove his needless care.
Fires, Healths and Bells spake welcome in all parts,
But none like that which spake all loyal hearts.
Part of their Goods their joy consumes, you read
In that, that all the rest is his at need.
Well knew th' Almighty, enemy of strife,
The high Importance of the Sacred Life,
The high Concern oft to both Church and State,
And therefore kindly did avert the Fate.
Pitiless death! that with one stroke alone,
Three Kingdoms had and their sweet hopes undone;
And just it was that we who liv'd in You,
Great Sir, should have one life, and die then too.
Cease then ye Scriblers, Press and Town, t'infest,
And Cautious Knight set thoughtful heart at rest;
For he who has so long our safety been,
In this new life assures us oft agen,
Our Laws free course, our Fortunes safely ours,
Whilst as we ought, we honour higher Powers;
For sure where Subjects Kings just Rights deny,
Themselves compel and cause the Tyranny.
And what should we but Fools and Knaves appear,
If whilst 'gainst *Rome's* Religion we declare,
Abhor their Principles, their Maxims damn,
Our selves should practise what we judge in them?
Since our Faith's Theory teaches better things,
Let's learn the Practick, and be just to Kings.

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